

c. April 1981

STUCK M HAG

c. 4-1981

over

matchbox

THE END OF SCIENCE? I've been watching you ever since you moved in—you are the most interesting on the block—I think of this as my block—I watch you mostly through your windows—you'd be amazed at the variety of people who either don't have curtains or don't use them—I mean, if it's a certain type, you'd be amazed at the variety within that type—but let's talk about you—that is after all my purpose for writing—you have a certain awareness of consciousness that almost implies my presence—as if you wouldn't be there or at least wouldn't enjoy being there as much if I weren't there—our relationship is richer for that—some would rather deny my presence—even though you don't know me—like times when you're undressing with your boyfriend and you wave at the window—and would rather not think that I'm there at all—you acknowledge my presence—Although it's true that I fantasize my memories, when we are actually in contact, there is only that contact, and it is timeless—I feel at one with you—there is a connection beyond physical contact—which, of course, has never happened—there is even a semblance of this same link when I fantasize though it is clouded by an artificial desire—we need never touch—you need never read this—there can never be more or less than what is—I am a pragmatist—When what is science proves that what was distance is illusion, no one will know the difference.

20 PAWTUCKET (Rhode Island) TIMES, FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1974

Inquiring Mind

How Can You Tell When Spring Has Sprung?



Each week Inquiring Mind enough to go to the zoo asks six area teens their views on a certain subject. This week's question: "How do you know when spring is really here?"

ROBIN MATOIAN, 17, 78 Boulevard Ave., Lincoln.

When the weather's warm enough to go outside, to do anything. When it's warm

it smells good outside. I'm serious. You know what I mean, like fresh air.

BRAD ROBERTS, 16, 43 Talbot Way, Seekonk:

"I get a funny feeling inside my stomach. I want to get out and move around."

THE INQUIRING MIND

Every day I watch for some event or image—something that stirs my blood or could potentially—at least one—one that grabs me by the balls—the way I grab it—make it my own—take it home and re-create it—fertilize it make it grow expand till its a whole revolution in my body—till it fills all the space in the general vicinity of my body—and if I don't find one its only because I don't need one—I don't need you there's a hundred situations more vital—I am always watching—provacateering—I need you all for that (or them all—all them windows I'll pull you from behind—and into, into, down into my room) that is, I take you inside me as memory-like a nail clipping or tuft of hair—that I can propagate—breathe life into talk to make you make love to (I'm talking to you now—I wouldn't call it telepathy because I've always understood that to be two way—but you're not aware that you're with me now here naked.) This is how K.C. talks

to Wendy and Brenda. Rose and Deseree and all of them: in spurts. Short bursts separated by some sounds groans and sighs etc. but mostly no sounds: extra-sensory—when he beats off his extra-sensory conception is very active. He says to his shrink: "But its not fantasy—I know it is not in the cards to actually be erotic with them but I can make just as strong if not stronger bond without because I can actually speak without words hum, sound, though it is not actually language as you know it." Dr. Friedman says baloney in nearly as few words: "Were you touched as a child?" K. is co-operative: "When I am cleaning these women's houses (that is his job) they all remind me

of my mother. I hardly ever see them they are never home—when I go into their bedrooms they all have under wear and perfume bottles & rouged together—and pictures of loved ones. I imagine they caress their children very lovingly. I am touched by that" Dr. Friedman has pictures of Big Sur and Peru I am weaving. K.C. is not touched by that. His wife says "why does your collar smell like perfume?" He says that he has not been touching another woman. "Who is she?" "You are the only one" He is secretive. I am writing this to you because it is not enough to see you there or even conjure up your presence because there is no guarantee that you'll see me—sight and sound are relative Only movement connects. My moves, our

moves, are here. This is it—not ours or even one thing (as in thefe it is (only there is (isness)) "I will probably always have these desires for other men—its like an addiction." "We differ in that respect—I live more in the inner world."

Dr. F.: "K. exhibits the extremity of voyeuristic involvement. His history of repression and resultant alienation has led to inversion. A well adjusted individual participates in the general consensus that society is "out there" and though he is part of it, he maintains a healthy distance from anything disruptive, relying on the cops to maintain the status quo. K. has distanced himself from society to such an extent that, in order to avert complete solipsism (catatonia), he has created a society of his own design. In an imaginary world if you will, composed of bits and pieces of the real world. When he watches people, through windows especially, he is totally absorbed and actively involved in the activity behind the window. He is simultaneously moving himself inside and it outside." In his words "There is no it... (anymore) or them, there is only me, and everything around me. In other words, he perceives at once unity and discreteness."

K.'s wife, w/ heavy heart, confesses, "I WILL BE HOME LATE" K. responds w/ a penetrating though yielding glance "I'm going over to so&so's after work" She says it quickly in a halfhearted attempt at conferring a businesslike tone to her rendezvous. K. FEELS PANIC in a grip not unlike nausea...

I AM WATCHING YOU AS DISPASSIONATELY AS I WATCH MY HEART SINK INTO ITSELF, ALL THE WHILE PUMPING FASTER AND FASTER FIGHTING THE SUCTION THAT WOULD TURN IT INSIDE OUT; AS DISPASSIONATELY AS THE HORIZON SWALLOWS THE RESTLESS MOON. I WATCH BECAUSE YOU ARE ALIVE AND YOUR DESIRE IS ONLY TO LIVE A LIFE WHICH IN ME IS DARKENED BY THE SHADOW OF ISOLATION. MY OWN SHADOW.

I WATCH YOU FROM THE DARKNESS. YOU ARE INVOLATE IN YOUR BRIGHTLY LIT ROOMS. YOU CAN'T SEE ME BUT CAN YOU FEEL MY LONGING? MY LONGING TO TOUCH YOU IN SOME WAY THAT WON'T UNDERMINE YOUR BRIGHT WORLD? FOR W/O YOU I WOULD DIE. CAN'T YOU AT LEAST SEE THAT IT IS LIKEWISE ME THAT GIVES YOUR LIFE FORM?



Another time: K.C. & Deseree are having a party. K.C. is as close to drunk, he says, as he cares to get. Deseree makes it clear that she resents that: "I know at least five other men who don't stink like booze who are at least clean-shaven that would be more than happy to show me some affection & w/ no strings attached". K.: "I am unclean & drag the smile off your pretty face"

I want to get out and move around words look good if they are together and contained they are words w/o soul

He thinks there's an answer he thinks the answer lies in knowledge he thinks there's a solution he thinks he thinks he... and he thinks some more he thinks THIS IS WRONG THERE'S NO SUCH THING the house is gone the windows gone it's just you and me here and I say: Go tell me about creating your own world and how do I fit in I must fit in or I wouldn't be here How would I creating you—or is it natural?

I guess I agree that that could've been a window that there may be a house But I can't help that wondering who cares

besides me or even through me for that matter at this point it moves with me and I carry it with me and I think not what is it an object, the object is to make an object out of it that is that which cannot be named

At this point he thinks there's an answer point in time don't forget that matter the object is to make it matter

MAKE THIS POINT IN TIME MATTER

MOVE THE END OF SCIENCE

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S. Thurston

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like a powerfull magnet."D.:"You are a warm and compassionate sensity man but fact is I need some manly cologn to rub up against."K.C. watches her put on lipstick, place a light kiss on his mouth and leave."Some party-I am so alone" He drives to the city, then circles for $\frac{1}{2}$ hr. looking for parking."Maybe I will find someone I know in these cafes"Drinks one coffee & drives to the beach.There is no wind to speak of.White lines,white caps,are lining up horizontally & each spreads from a central pt. into his peripheral vision.There are never more than three lines. I'll wait till there are four then leave.That will mean the tide is coming in.At four he changes it to five.This is good , I need more weather-it flows through me.Oh yea..there is the spot that Desiree fucked another man & became pregnant."Why did you go there if you knew it would only make you feel more alone?"asks Rose later at a cafe. All of a sudden a hard rain began to fall."The more alone I feel the closer I get to myself, the heavier I feel, the more concentrated focused,intense,purposefull, no bullshit.Next to love, this is the closest I get to enduring.Love is stronger but more ephemeral.When I'm alone,y'know,all this relationship stuff-I just watch us or more often watch her zipping into passion so quick, and I'm so heavy that comparatively she's about two feet off the ground,zipping around, changing direction what seems to be very frequently,only because I'm so heavy that time moves slower-not that I'm necessarily moving slower-in fact,I just have longer legs-I can see her moves before She gets

she gets there,in other words predict probabilities.I see her bounce off me,move away and into other relationships-I am alone again, and more independent,which is scary because I know I need someone or will need, but now I am gathering strength & becoming so solid that I turn myself inside out,expand again,extend myself to include other people.Viscous cycle? Maybe, but I'm always doing this to some degree.When I'm alone when time at once slows down & spreads out around me,in pieces, like lit windows isolated in the darkness,each activated by the gesture they release,I feel solid-focused enough to move into any of them, and pull them,moving,into me so in a way,I am always expanding/contracting-the quality of the act depends on my level of isolation. Memory: another time,or any time, is no longer dependent upon the space in which it happens(an isolated perception),on the contrary, the act,excised from memory(or any tense)can be realised in any space. the fact that I (we) choose this one is to our mutual benefit,amazingly synchronous.Look, the rain's gone- does it bother you that I look through your window?"

"Not really.I think you've intellectualized it so much that you couldn't do anything that might scare me." "You may be right." "Do I turn you on?" "I suppose you could put it that way yes." "Fate?" "No,desire."

K.C. & Rose are having a party. they are high on coke,& it feels good when Rose presses hard into K.C.'s numbed mouth.The numbness necessitates extremities of sensation,They tense & relax beautifully.Fully expanded,their skins are stretched full,Vibrating,these are our limits but every cm. is exposed & registering sensation from the surroundings-so that actually,they're filling the room. When we fucked we felt like gods. all this power,When Rose left me a big hole opened up inside. That's when I first really seriously considered shipping out. I got on this tanker.That was a year & $\frac{1}{2}$ ago.We were in the Med iterranean mostly,feeling the American military ships.It so happened that I saw mostly fairly young whores in Italy-15&16 yrs. old,thats when I sent that post card,of that young girl wearing lipstick on the beach.I was doing a lot of writing.Then I met two German girls,we stuck together for three days,not talking but w/ complete understanding in our eyes. Have you seen Rose? I still love her you know?""She moved to California" K.C.,nonplussed,lit a cigaret. It is the present, and he is alone on the beach again,remembering a line that John R. wrote from Genoa—"a glance (of a girl) so perfect in its intent on the thing it sees.I see thousands of still-lifes that gather in my mind.All in motion around me" And then later, from Jeddah—"again,I am under the influence of the sun" Inseperable from this, and yet its reverse, a painting-two lovers,holding a book under white sky and benevolent sun-they look so contentedly at each other,as if they have momentarily forgotten the book and the temple in the background,timeless,suspended & there but for the grace of Cain: I am not timeless.No way. He lit another cigaret and left the beach.Two cops watched him for an uncomfortably long time as he walked toward the car."Empty the statues' eyes like the eyes of the marble-cold Roman women whose voyeuristic parties reflected the passions of a dying culture" When Desiree read this Böll passage she immediately thought of K.C., thought of him as a victim,longed to tell him,make him understand that her love for him was the most powerful thing she had ever felt. "He just doesn't believe me"she was telling Rose,"he trusts no one""hm" "Especially when he draws into him self-for whatever reasons-I get the impression he feels somehow omnipotent in his self imposed exile. I guess he needs that.And when he

comes back,he's more open.That's when he believes and trusts.He gets burned out on soul-searching and trying to understand.He's actually very rhythmic in the way his distance moves.Up and down.Closer to farther. Was it that way w/ you Rose?Why did you two split up?"

"I couldn't handle it when he with drew-so he'd get vehement about it and he couldn't handle other men." They went for a walk.It was late and from the side streets the city noises sounded in the distance,a muted rushing noise."Desiree said,"so this is California"

End of the rainy season" The full moon and city lights lit huge clouds in precise definition against the dark space behind them.The warm breeze lifted Rose's hair in waves of reciprocal motion."K.C. is

such a softy,I think he'd like it here.Cold weather really brings him down"Desiree is spacing out."But I don't know what we'd do without those tight nights by the fire.Life is too easy here. I need more weather"

1905 MILE A LEAF KODAK SAFETY FILM

CLEAN HOLES

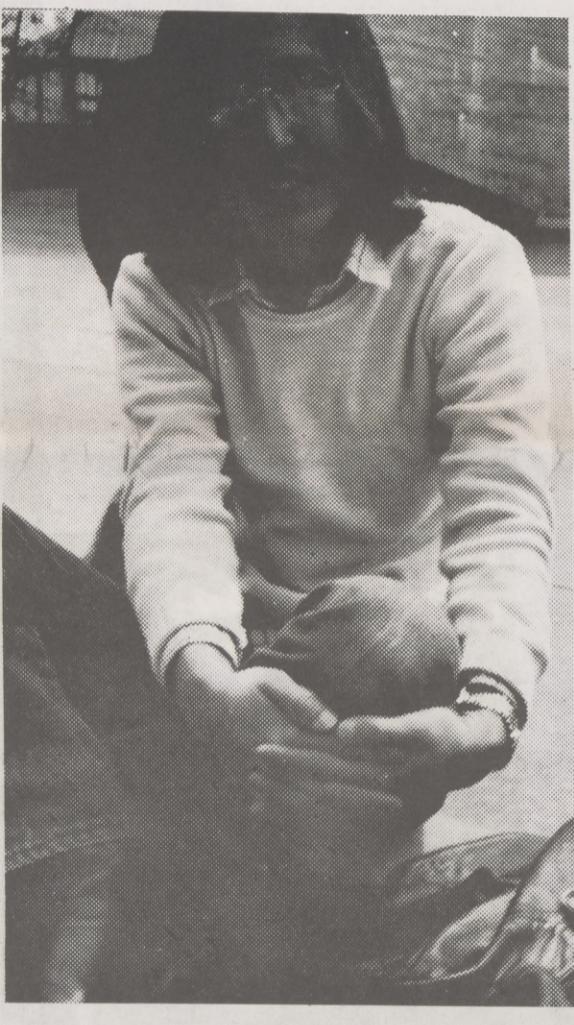
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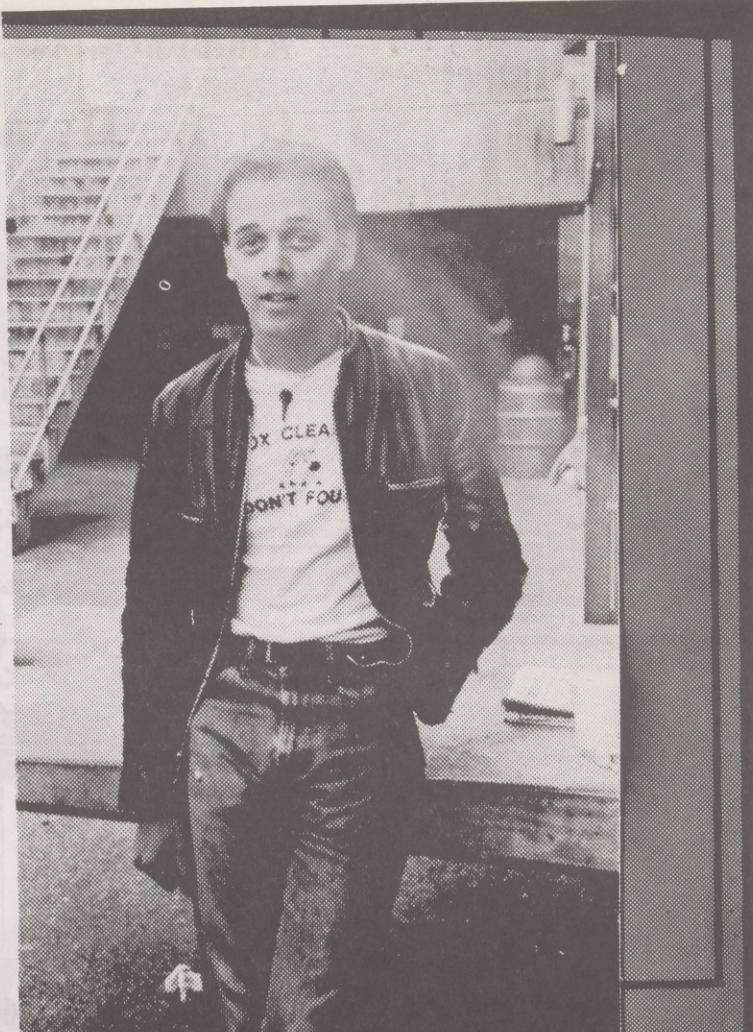
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P.O. 26648
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Production coordinated by Disney's Top and Kastby Acers





THE TOOT SHUDDERS AND DIES...

Clarification

"What we give the students is love and cookies."

Cookies can be revelations*

Love speaks for itself.

Love and cookies beats hell out of hard times and bullshit.

With this in mind, I'd like to add that the quote was given without context and was presented irresponsibly. By itself, it becomes a slap in the face of all students. I don't remember saying it and I hope this statement will serve to correct any other misunderstandings. I am an instructor here, I have responsibilities, and I am in the service of this school.

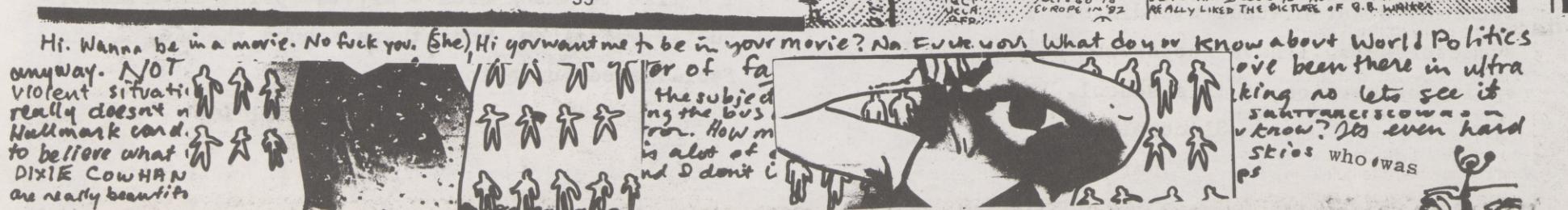
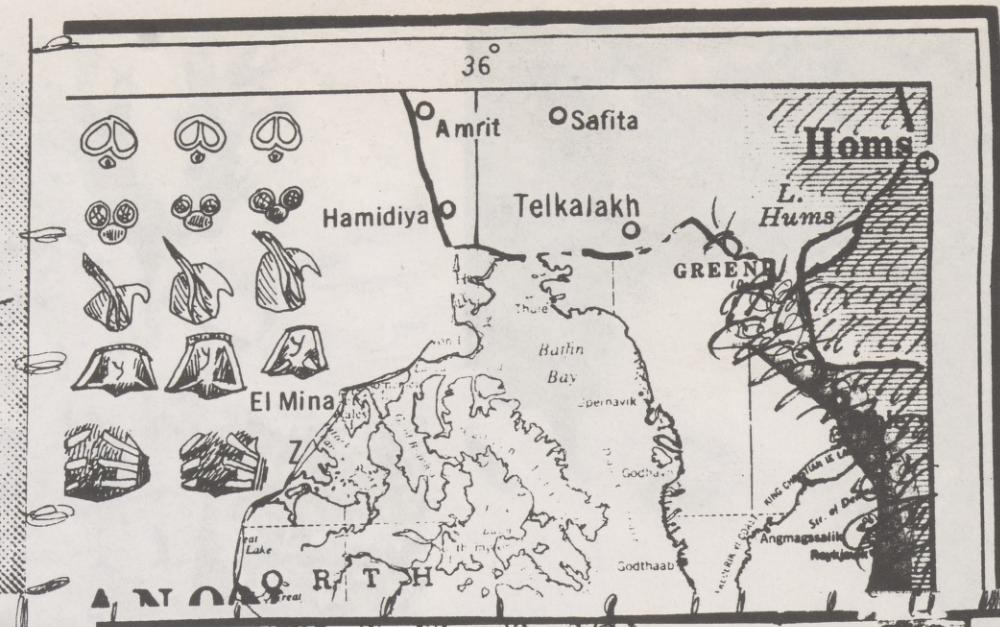
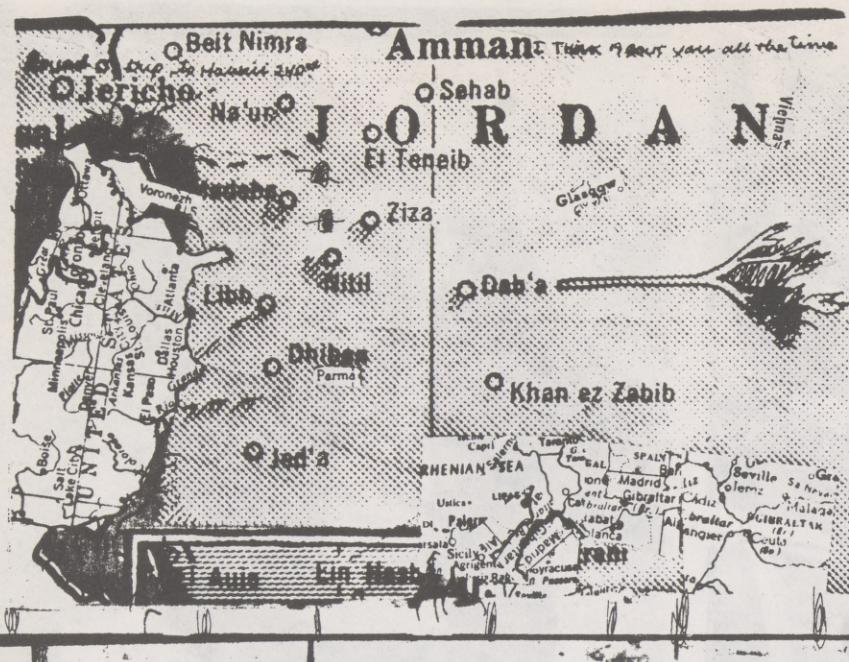
Sincerely,

Carlos Villa

Here's another version of printed student media at the Art Institute. I'd like to announce that the organization for next year is wide open to any interested group of Institute students. I will organize an initial meeting, and will be available to pass on whatever elements of our organization may be useful. As has been the case this semester, some workers will be able to earn work-study wages at the paper, and we are proposing a group independent study where committed individuals may be able to earn course credit.

I'd like to thank Dick Graf, the print department, public relations, and others around the school who facilitated our efforts this year.

Daniel Loeb



Hi. Wanna be in a movie. No fuck you. (she) Hi you want me to be in your movie? No. Fuck you. What do you know about World Politics
 anyway. NOT violent situations really doesn't Hallmark card to believe what is DIXIE COWHAN are really beautiful

ever been there in ultra taking no lets see it satrurus down u know? its even hard skies who was (resurrection scene)

VIDEO QUESTIONS

Vidio who?

video what?

video where?

video when?

video why?

video how?

man on the street
Marilyn Monroe home
observation
in a car party
A and a joke at
Ronald live
to know war
lie document
hear night
you'll see

a little T.V.
000's
on drugs
distraction
story
communication
cable
PAUSE food
Vito accounti

Horoscope

ACQUARIUS Jan. 20-Feb. 18

If February begins with your normally high spirits a little low, don't worry—it's only temporary. Pamper yourself by buying a gift for you—Aquarius won't love pretty things. Always one for secrets, go ahead with a Valentine plan.

PISCES Feb. 19-March 20

Sometimes you'd rather sit and wish everything will work out instead of doing something about it, Pisces. But you've got to act now if you want that cozy dinner for two on the 14th to come off as planned. Don't be afraid.

ARIES March 21-April 19

You love a hectic social scene, but you partying could catch up with you this month. Take a breather, Aries. With clear thinking, advice from a superior, and talking with friends, you are moving closer to an important career decision.

TAURUS April 20-May 20

Demands at work frustrate you terribly, Taurus, when you most love just rushing home on a cold winter's night. Can you do some business entertaining at home? February 27th could be a special day for you—a wish comes true.

GEMINI May 21-June 20

Most of February flies by with lots of excitement at work and after hours. Do feel let down when the pace slackens. Quiet times can be just as productive even though Gemini likes things hopping. Expect a really mushy Valentine.

CANCER June 21-July 22

February is a great month for a winter vacation, Cancer. Whether you go skiing or sunning, you feel relaxed but raring to go. Resuming your normal schedule, you may feel distracted and restless. Don't ignore these telltale signs.

LEO July 23-August 22

You love a good time more than anyone, Leo, but right now you need to invest much energy into other parts of your life as well. Watch for that possible new opening at work and be there with all your Leo enthusiasm and inventiveness.

VIRGO August 23-September 22

The stars read romance for you this month, Virgo. The long winter nights may be happily interrupted by a crazy Aquarius. It'll be fun while it lasts—but the perfectionist in you won't be able to take his quirks forever.

LIBRA September 23-October 22

This is a warm, lovely time. There have been some struggles lately, but things come together this month and there has been for a long time. Libras love to plan ahead—but try to just relax for now.

SCORPIO October 23-November 21

Someone at work rubs you the wrong way—you make it a big deal, Scorpio, but you really ought to leave it alone. Tensions ease mid-month and that chip on your shoulder disappears. Cupid may have something to do with your better mood!

SAGITTARIUS Nov. 22-Dec. 21

Always generous with those you love, you may plan a special gathering one cozy evening for them all. Watch yourself shine—and then try to remember some that sparkle and use it at work—let them see the real you, too!

CAPRICORN Dec. 22-Jan. 19

You are blessed with lots of energy, Capricorn, which means you can easily work yourself into a frenzy. Try to take everything one step at a time and things will seem much easier. Make time for lovely feelings on the 14th.

The President of the United States was assassinated here yesterday.

John Fitzgerald Kennedy, 35th President, was gunned down by a sniper armed with a high-powered rifle at 12:30 p. m. CST (10:30 a. m. PST).

Hitler Soon to Die, Suicide or Slain, Says Nazi General

By United Press

MAGDEBURG, Germany, April 26. Adolf Hitler will kill himself or be killed in Berlin within a few hours or days and the war will end, Lieut.-Gen. Kurt Dittmar, German high command spokesman, said in his final war commentary—in American custody.

Dittmar, who surrendered to the Ninth Army on the Elbe River Wednesday, told his captors that Hitler and Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels were in Berlin and will die there. Then, he said, one of three generals—von Brauchitsch, Guderian, or von Rundstedt—will take control and will make peace immediately on almost any terms.

LEE HARVEY OSWALD The accused assassin

THE DEATH ROLL

The number of those who were on board the vessel, according to the latest information, is less than was at first thought. It is now officially stated that the following figures represent the number of passengers, as far as can be calculated:

| | |
|--------------|-----|
| First class | 318 |
| Second class | 379 |
| Stewardage | 694 |

Total 1,391

The officers and crew numbered 903, so that there were on board altogether nearly 2,300 persons. Of this number only 868 have been saved, and, these remain, therefore, over 1,300 not accounted for.

DEATH IN THE MEDIA

**We
Prosecute
All
Shoplifters.**





Dear George,



Love,
Pez

It is not good, it is impossible. (4.) STOP BUT
Tonight was the
first night (1982)
that I didn't
do you do?
"Thinking of T.V., radio,
men and crackers"
for

待機下さ
失礼ほし
⑥ Volume Control - O
⑦ Power Supply - Push
⑧ Use a screwdriver. "BREAK
GLASS WITH NAIL"

The bells kept ringing.

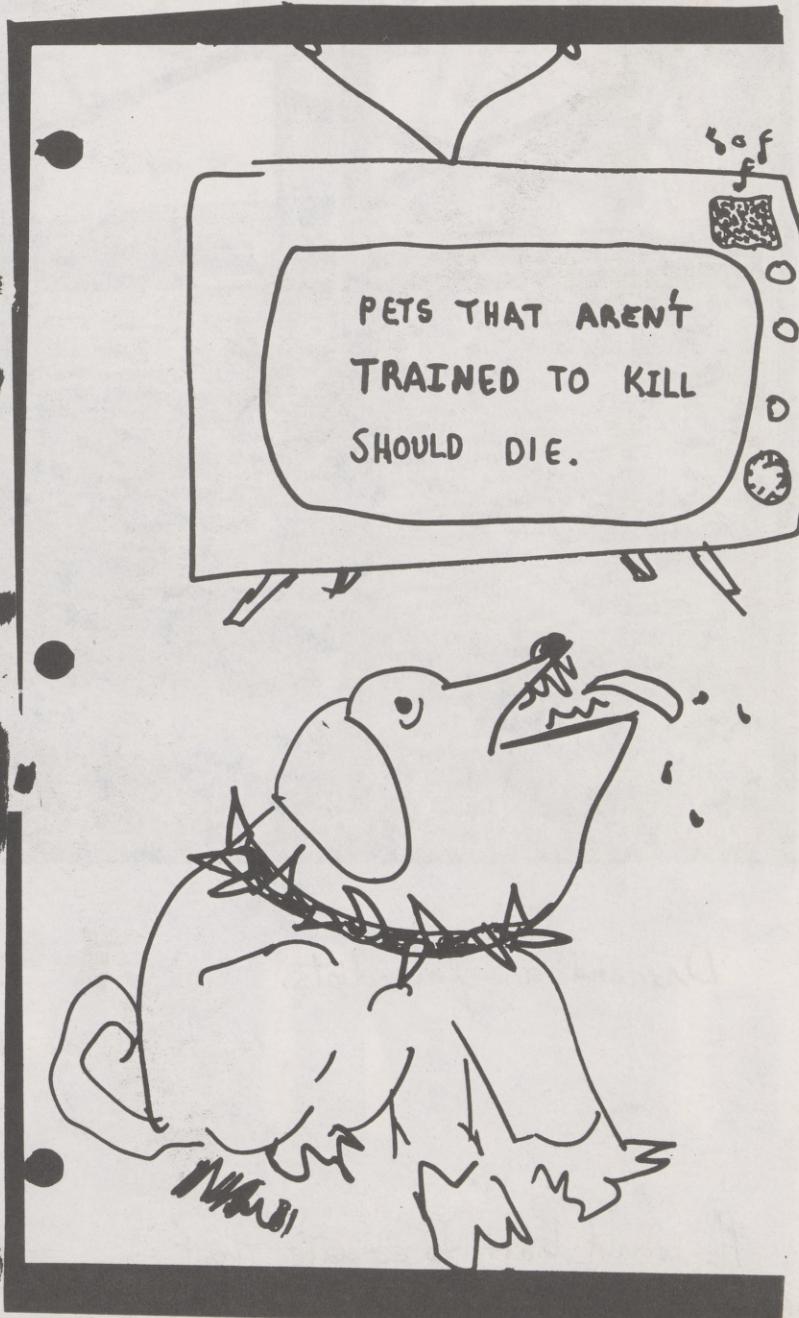
The bells were ringing

ringing Sounds

食物 "do you know?" 17. 18
食 27. 22
don't always はい 15. 76
6. 25
7. 85
NY 00

"Boy, you turn me..." + 7.85
"doesn't matter..." 40.44
~~have to~~ 128.53
(S 1 Valuation VMARS and DOEP)

(Sah-Yoh-nah-rah)(MAPS and DOG) <J.H>





Dreams are for idiots.

He would learn to equate that
voice with a dream.

I found him there today, nineteen years ago, today.
Huddled in a green hooded sweatshirt against the cold.
Three years old, already alone, His mother grew grey
before her time.

A voice would sit with him, tell him funny things,
promise to stay.

Box 69250
L.A. CA 90069

March 17 1981

Dear Dale Hoyt..

That's a great typewriter you got there.

I liked your letter a lot. And would like to accept your invitation to listen to you and drink beer and all.

Like you, I'm broke at the end of every month..no problem, but it does keep me from sending my jet plane up to fly you all down--which I think I should be able to do.

Anyway, I'm going to be in San Francisco in May--

I think I'm repeating those gigs at the Stones.

So let's get together then. Send me your phone number.

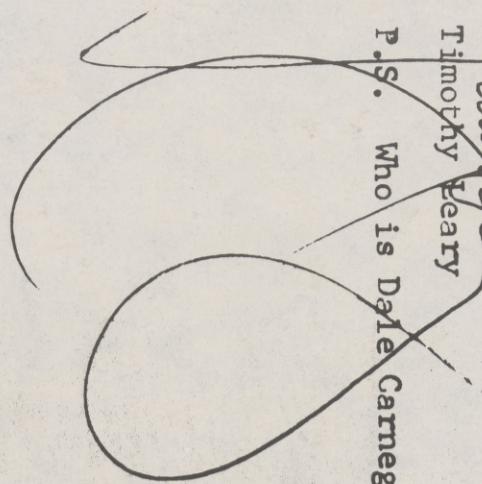
Is 1016 the address of the club.

I want to hear about your legacy of anger. Jeez I thought the Moral Majority controlled that. Me, I'm delighted watching the old system stew and steam and cram together and heat up--ready for the wonderful explosion into space. I can't wait to hear what you are thinking. I'll phone you ahead--so we can arrange a celebration at CLUB GENERIC.

Unk
Timothy Leary

P.S. Who is Dale Carnegie?

Promotional Device



L G O (Life goes on)

Remember when I cried for you
now I smile when I think of you
don't want cha' back
but I'll never give up
that memory.
Time is turned on
you were once my only one
now I think of you
dream of you
havin' a thought of me
Lovin you
love ya then, love ya now
Love Goes On, L G O

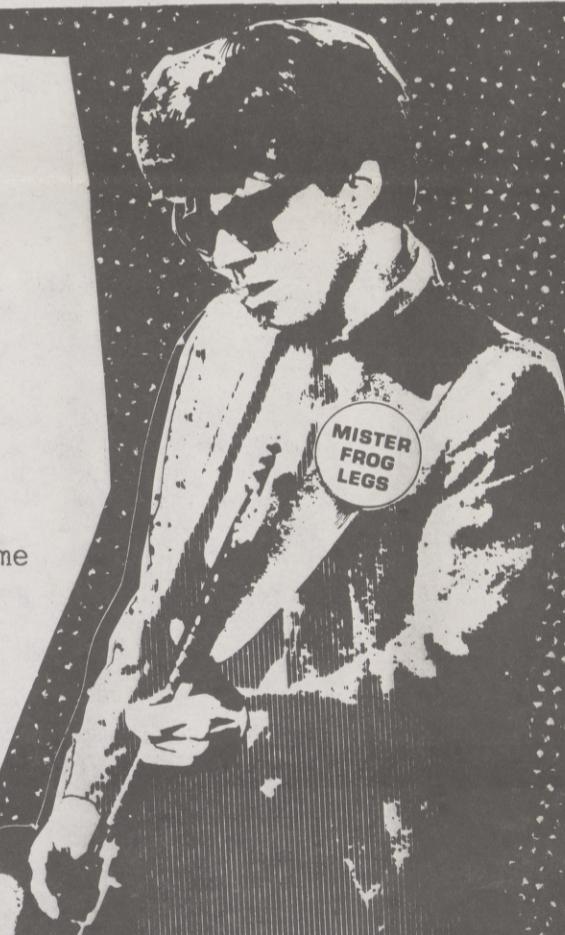
DRUGS ON PURPOSE

Let's get lost in our thoughts.
Let's leave reality for a week.
Let's bring back a souvenir.
A skar in our hearts.
A cheer from heaven for earthly ears.

Claire Merrill © 1981

I SAID

I said
Let me stay
or kill me
or let me go.
Well he let me stay and killed me and let me go.



MISTER
FROG
LEGS

DO

GO

Away.

